The Sufferings and Satisfaction of Chriſt.

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BEING THE

SUBSTANCE

OF A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN

The NORTH of IRELAND,

In the YEAR 1752.

By JOHN CENNICK.

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Who is this that is glorious in his Apparel, travelling in the Greatneſs of his Strength? I that ſpeak in Righteouſneſs, mighty to ſave, ISA. lxiii. 1.

Chriſt loved the Church, and gave himſelf for it, EPHES. v. 25.

Chriſt ſuffered once for our Sins, the Juſt for the Unjuſt, that he might bring us to God, 1 PET. iii. 18.

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ISAIAH liii. 11.

He ſhall ſee of the travail of his ſoul, and ſhall be ſatisfied.

THE prophet, out of whoſe writings I have choſen this text, is remarkable for his profound knowledge of an inſight into the ſalvation, which he foreſaw, as well as other men of God, who, under the law, ſearched diligently what the Saviour ſhould be, and what manner of ſalvation and glory ſhould follow the ſufferings of Chriſt. In this reſpect he was highly favoured, and ſpoke as if he had been preſent and cotemporary with our Saviour, and not as one who lived in the days of king Uzziah, and ſo far off from the days of the Son of man. The title of the evangelical prophet was not beſtowed upon him by the fathers for nothing; for a good part of all his prophecy is the pure goſpel; and there, as well as in the New-Teſtament, we find all the bleſſed doctrine of Jeſus Chriſt. "Iſaiah ſaw his glory, and ſpake of him."

This whole fifty-third chapter is well known in Chriſtendom, and relates to the humanity, ſufferings and glory of the Meſſiah; and as "he was wounded for our ſins, and bruiſed for our tranſgreſſions, and by whoſe ſtripes we only can be healed." Let us

now attend to this weighty ſubject, and learn the riches of his grace and everlaſting love to us, from the doctrine of his ſalvation.

In the text there are three things to be conſidered:

Firſt, To ſhew who this perſon is, of whom all theſe things are ſpoken.

Secondly, What is meant by the travail of his ſoul. And,

Thirdly, What muſt we underſtand by his being ſatisfied.

We frequently meet with expreſſions of this kind among the prophets; thus in Daniel we read, "He ſhall be cut off, he ſhall finiſh iniquity." In others, "He ſhall redeem Iſrael; he ſhall dip his cloaths in the blood of grapes, and waſh his garments in wine. He ſhall live; and unto him ſhall be given of the gold of Arabia. Prayer ſhall be made ever unto him; and daily ſhall he be praiſed. He ſhall ſprinkle many nations; he ſhall be a man of ſorrows; and in the text, "He ſhall ſee of the travail of his ſoul." All theſe, and many more, certainly relate to the ſame perſon; and all the ſcripture, the law, and the prophets, point to him in every place. This is the glorious He, of whom all have teſtified and ſpoken! The Deſire of all nations! The Hope of Jacob! The Meſſiah! The King of Iſrael! He, for whom the twelve tribes waited two thouſand years, and who was daily expected in his temple to help and ſave his people. But who is he? and what is his name?

He is the Lord from heaven; his name is Jeſus Chriſt; or, as Luther ſung,

'Tis Jeſus Chriſt indeed;
And there's no God beſide.

I do

I do not wonder that the Jews had ſuch confuſed ideas of the Deliverer; for often he was promiſed as a man, as the ſeed of the woman, and ſon of David, and often as the Moſt High, as the only God and Saviour; and of no other perſon can all what is ſaid of the Meſſiah be true; but only of that God and Man Chriſt Jeſus, who was before all things, and made heaven and earth with all their hoſts; and ſhall again roll up the heavens, and create all new; and who once in the form of a ſervant, lived and died in this ſinful world, to reconcile us to himſelf by his own blood, and ſave us for evermore.

Let the ſage ſcan, and pry, and weigh, and after all be in ſuſpenſe about the matter as he will. Let the naturaliſt ſcorn as he pleaſe; and the Jew and Jewiſh hearted men blaſpheme and mock, it is yet true, Jeſus is God. He is the everlaſting Lord, the Maker and Saviour of all. This is the foundation and corner-ſtone of all the prophets, apoſtles, and martyrs. This is the doctrine of all the ſcriptures, and of every church of God: and this ſhall be univerſally acknowledged when once more the Son of Man ſhall appear: "Then every eye ſhall ſee him, and every knee bow to him, and every tongue ſhall confeſs that Jeſus is the Lord."

In this matter let us follow the cloud of witneſſes, and truſt Jeſus, and confeſs and believe him, as he indeed is our Lord and our God. It is a good foundation, and other can no man lay. It is a firm rock, where a ſoul may build ſafely, and no ſtorm ſhall make it fall; "the gates of hell ſhall not prevail againſt it." It is a tried ſtone. Now many millions have tried it, and found it true and ſure. Who have died in aſſurance, who did not believe in Jeſus? Who have gone joyful and fearleſs into eternity,

eternity, who had not him for their God? who have denied him, and departed happy? O none in any age! No ſoul that ſcorns his blood and divinity; no creature who has not him for his Lord, ſhall be bleſſed in time or in eternity. They ſhall live in darkneſs and die in darkneſs, and are without God in the world.

But now let me come to ſpeak of the ſecond part of the text, and treat of the travail of his ſoul. This is what raiſes ſo many doubts in the infidel, and makes him ſo often argue, If God could travail—if the Lord could die and be a ſufferer? And becauſe he cannot believe this, or in his carnal underſtanding comprehend it, he counts the preaching of the croſs fooliſhneſs; and chuſes rather to truſt his own morality, than the obedience and precious death of the Lord that bought him. Fooliſhneſs it will ſeem to every ſoul till taught of God, and then this doctrine raiſes in the heart the deepeſt thankſgivings, and reverence, and adoration, and love to our Saviour, and which increaſes daily till we ſhall ſee him; and then we ſhall caſt our crowns at his feet, and proſtrate our ſelves before his throne, who ſo loved and valued us, that he once, for our ſakes, humbled himſelf, and was obedient to the death of the croſs.

I need not ſay, that the cauſe of all the humiliation and ſufferings of God's eternal Son, was our fall, and to ſave us by the ſacrifice of himſelf, for this is every where taught in the bible, and implied in this doctrine of his becoming a man of ſorrows eſpecially; and, if our own hearts have the leaſt feeling or life, we know the cauſe of all the Redeemer's travail.

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The ſinful ſtirrings of my heart
With bluſhes fill my face;
I feel the cauſe of Jeſu's ſmart,
And bleſs him for his grace.

Before ever our Saviour was incarnate, yea long ere the worlds were made, or the heavens or earth formed, he ſaw how all things would go with us; and even when in Adam all died, and loſt and forfeited his image, and ſunk as ſlaves into the hands of the enemy, his eyes ſaw it, and his heart had compaſſion upon us. He knew (humanly ſpeaking) it would have been eaſier to make a new world and create new ſouls, than to recover us, now loſt and ruined; and in ſtrict juſtice he might have left us, curſed and ſpoiled as we were, to feel the vengeance of eternal fire, and begin a new creation for his pleaſure; but he loved us too dearly. He valued us far, far too highly to forſake or give us up. No, he knew we were gone from him and in the devil's arms. He underſtood our captivity, and well ſaw what it would coſt him to get us back, and ſave us from periſhing to eternity; but it did not avail; all he foreſaw he ſhould undergo to ranſom us, could not prevail with him to reſolve to leave us unhelped. "He ſaw the travail of his ſoul," underſtood what bitter pains he muſt bear to redeem us, but he was ſatisfied; he loved us with everlaſting love, and ſo became the Saviour. He determined, coſt what it would, to have us; and neither did he grudge all he ſhould pay down for us, all he ſhould endure or ſuffer in body and ſoul, ſo his poor dear people could but thereby be ſaved; and with this view, with this aim, in the fulneſs of time, he aroſe from his throne, took leave of all

all his glory, forſook all his majeſty and eaſe, and came down from heaven in the ſight of all the angels, and was made lower than they all for the ſuffering of death; and thus God the moſt high God was made a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief. It would not be amiſs here to ſpeak a little of the nature of the travail of his ſoul, and conſider our Saviour in his ſufferings. But O who is fit to undertake this! who can ſhew forth his ſorrows, or worthily tell of his pain! I am aſhamed to open my mouth in this matter, becauſe I believe an angel would fall ſhort in deſcribing it; how much more I who am a worm? However, I will ſay a little, and pray the Lamb to forgive me that I fail ſo much in ſhewing forth his travail. I will paſs over his mean birth and poor entertainment when he came into the world, as well as the ſuſpicious manner of his conception, and all the miſeries of his infancy and tender years; his painful circumciſion, and labours, and travails, till his ſhewing forth unto Iſrael in the laſt few years before he made his ſoul an offering for ſin.

In the time of his temptation when for forty days he did eat nothing, but was left to be tried and tempted as we are, that he might be a merciful and compaſſionate High Prieſt to us, we may think a little what he went through, hurried and afflicted by ſatan, affrighted by the wild beaſts, and pinched with hunger and want. We may not think his divinity kept him from ſuffering by any of theſe, but as deeply as any poor man can be tempted, as much as any ſoul can be aſſaulted and amazed, ſo was he, and aſſiſted only by his Godhead to go through all the hurried trials, hunger, want, and diſtreſſes, which poſſibly could befal a fallen creature.

creature. We need not doubt, but he has felt all what we can feel, and has gone through the fire and water before us. He knows the ſtrength of every temptation, and the great weakneſs of fleſh; and as he was the ſeed of the woman alone, ſo he had not the ſtrength of a man, but was weak and like a woman in her pangs, and poorer and meaner than any one. In thoſe days I do not doubt, but had we been preſent, we might have ſeen him wander dejected and diſcouraged up and down the wilderneſs, now ſitting under ſome lonely ſhade weeping bitterly, and ſighing with his heart ready to break; and now with very diſtreſs wringing his pale hands, or lying upon his face ſweating with agony, and crying to his Father. As St. Paul's faſting three days was not voluntary, but occaſioned through the pain and uneaſineſs of his heart, he could have no mind to eat when he did not know what would become of him forever; and in this deplorable condition David alſo forgot to eat bread; ſo I believe our Saviour's faſt was out of real trouble and diſtreſs. Had he but ſpoke the word, the angels, who afterwards miniſtered to him, would, doubtleſs, have brought him ſomewhat to refreſh him; but ſo great was his concern, ſo dreadful his temptations, ſo bitter his affliction, and the travail of his ſoul, that he could not eat or drink until the hours of darkneſs paſſed over, and the tempter left him.

Beſides the merits of Jeſus Chriſt's faſting and temptations, we may learn two comfortable leſſons from them; firſt, when we are tempted, we may apply to him with living hope, ſince he knows what it is to be diſtreſſed; and is able to ſave to the uttermoſt; and, ſecondly, let his anſwers to ſatan be our anſwers to all ſorts of tempters, when they

would turn us from the faith, or make us doubt of the truth, or want reaſons of us for what we believe; then let us ſay, "It is written." If the ſcriptures have no weight with them, we may not hope to overcome with other weapons, or uſe other arms. Let us keep his word; this kept him; and by this he overcame.

But now forget where you are, and come in faith to Jeruſalem, and ſee Jeſus at ſupper with his diſciples. There properly his miſeries ſeized him, and his ſoul travailed and was in pain. Methinks I ſee his countenance change, and the tears flow down his cheeks. He ordained the ſupper for a commemoration of his death, and ſaid, "This is my body which is given for you, and this is my blood which is ſhed for you and for many, for the remiſſion of ſins;" and when he had diſtributed the bread and cup to all, he ſaid, "Now is the hour come, I ſhall now be given into the hands of ſinners, the hour of the power of darkneſs now draws on, and he began to be very ſorrowful and to be ſore amazed." He went out the ſame dolorous way by the brook Cedron, where David once had gone weeping before; when Shimei followed curſing and pelting of him; yes, Jeſus went the ſame track, weeping and trembling, into the garden of Gethſemane; and then, like one in the greateſt fright, begged his diſciples to ſtay and watch with him, but all in vain; they were heavy with grief to ſee him ſo troubled, and ſlept as midnight approached; while he cried, "Father, ſave me from this hour: Father, if it be poſſible, let this cup paſs from me." And thus he prayed three times; and at laſt he could kneel no more. All God's waterſpouts paſſed over his head, and his terrors ſet themſelves in array before him. All our ſins, all uncleanneſſes,

cleanneſſes, lies, oaths, drunkenneſs, pride, covetouſneſs, and ten thouſand crimes, appeared before him: our curſe, death and hell, ſtared him in the face, and the wrath of God Almighty burned like a fire, the tempeſt lowered and thundered over his head, ſo that he fell flat upon his face, and prayed with ſtrong cries and tears, until the ſweat with horror, like blood, guſhed out, and made all his cloaths red, as if he had been treading grapes in a wine-fat. O come and ſee God, who made us, weltering in his blood on the cold ground! See his faint hands ſpread out, and his mouth in the duſt, begging for mercy for his poor people! See his hair now indeed filled with the dew of the night, his heart aching and beating in his breaſt, and all his limbs trembling and ſhaking with terror and amaze! Behold him, ye poor ſinners! So he removes the curſes of the man, who ſhould eat bread in the ſweat of his brow; ſo he takes away the curſe of the woman, who ſhould ſuffer in her travail. He lays his hands upon his loins, like a woman in labour, and with tears, and ſweat, and blood, waſhes out the curſe of the ground, and bears the curſe of the brute part of the creation, by laying on his belly, and bearing the puniſhment of all. "O come, let us worſhip and fall down and kneel before the Lord our Maker!" This is he, for whoſe pleaſure we were made, who now in his agony prays and intercedes for us! How great was our curſe, that could make the Holy One of God ſo tremble and quake at the ſight of it; and even force him to beg, "If it be poſſible, let the cup paſs away!" How great our ſin, which could not be waſhed away but by the blood of God Almighty! He prayed, "if it be poſſible, let this cup paſs," to teach us how much it was to be feared; but he knew the deciſive hour

and moment was come, either he muſt drink the wrath, or it muſt fall upon the ſinners; there was no way to eſcape; and rather than we ſhould have the ſword awake upon us, or the cup of God's indignation be poured out upon our heads, he ſaid, "Lo! I come to do thy will: not my will, but thine be done." And therefore is this day called in Iſaiah, "the day of vengeance, the year of redemption."

Until now he had none to comfort him; his friends ſlept, as we have done, and were like Job's friends, miſerable comforters indeed! But now an angel has leave to refreſh and ſtrengthen him: Alas! how can that be? Or, with what could the happy ſpirit revive the overloaded Lamb? He could not comfort him, by telling him he ſhould ſoon be again in heaven: for, amidſt all his anguiſh, if he had pleaſed to have called for twelve legions of angels to his aſſiſtance, they would have appeared, and ſung him back to the throne he had before the world began: But it would not have been a comfort to our Saviour, to have ſat on the throne, and ſeen us plunged into hell; or crying out, and gnaſhing our teeth, under the wrath of God: nor could the angel ſtrengthen our Saviour by telling him of the ſhort duration of his pain, or what glory and eaſe he ſhould ſhortly enter, no: Such things can comfort us, but he needeth other comfort: he, for the joy ſet before him, endured. No doubt the angel raiſed his wet hands, and kiſſed his bloody and fainting Maſter, and ſaid, O my dear Creator! how many unhappy and periſhing ſouls ſhall this ſweat of thine ſave for ever! How many millions of loſt men ſhall, by this diſtreſs of thine, overcome, when they are tempted! How great the number that ſhall be born to thee by this travail of thy ſoul! How will they love and thank thee for ever! How ſhall thy heart rejoice,

rejoice, when by this means thou ſhalt have prevailed, and brought home to thee all the nations of the earth! This could comfort the Redeemer: he could ſee of the travail of his ſoul, and be comforted. Juſt as a woman in her pangs can be comforted when her friends tell her, Be of good cheer, a man child is born to thee: ſo could our Saviour, our Creator, be comforted, by ſeeing of the travail of his ſoul.

And now he roſe from the earth, and came to his diſciples with his garments rolled in blood; and now Judas, and a great multitude with him, enter the garden with torches, ſtaves, and lanthorns, to take him. His diſciples awaked, and ſaw the two dreadful ſights: Jeſus in that affecting form, and the mob coming, poſſeſſed with fury and rage, to take him; while he prayed for them, and told them; "This night ſhall the Son of man be betrayed." And then he bears the falſhood of Judas, and lets a traitor, a wicked man, a devil kiſs him; while the others load him with bonds and chains, and drag him into the city. One ſhould have thought his bloody and faint looks would have melted them; but all had no effect upon them. I ſuppoſe they filled the roads and ſtreets with rejoicings and huzzas, that now they had got him faſt in miſery and irons. His care, amidſt all, was only about his diſciples; and therefore he ſaid, "If you ſeek me, let theſe go their way." He knew what he meant, and ſatan knew alſo: for, unleſs the enemy had conſented upon that condition to give up his claim and right eternally to the ſouls, he could not have ſeized upon Jeſus. This being ſettled, then he gave himſelf for us into their hands, and was brought from priſon to judgment; and before Annas and Caiphas arraigned and accuſed of blaſphemy and ſacrilege, which he meekly bore

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the charges, ſince we had been guilty, and was content to be black with our hurt, and reckoned with tranſgreſſors, that by bearing our ſins we might go free. All the day after his being apprehended, he was made a gazing-ſtock for angels and men: he was brought before Pontius Pilate the governor of Judea, and then before Herod of Galilee, where all the prieſts and many people accuſed him vehemently: ſome ſpit in his face, others ſtruck him on the mouth: ſome blind-folded him, and then again beat him, aſking him blaſphemouſly, "Tell us, if thou be a prophet, who ſmote thee?" Thus his prophetical office was derided; but he anſwered not. Then Herod gave him to his ſoldiers, who called together the whole band, to make ſport with him: ſome dreſſed him in purple; and others, mean while, got thorns and plaited them ſo that every thorn might pierce his head and face, and with this they crowned him; and another, for a ſceptre, put a reed or cane in his hand; and then they ſaluted him, and bowed to him, ſaying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" Thus they mocked his kingly office; but Jeſus opened not his mouth. What a ſight was the Son of God! How glorious did the King of Iſrael look! All his ſacred face covered with ſhame and ſpittle; his eyes ſwoln and red with weeping as with wine, and bruiſed with being blind-folded and puſhed from one to another: the blood trickling from the thorn-prints with tears ſtreaming down his face, his beard torn off; for "he gave his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair;" and ſo they appeared, as Solomon deſcribes it, "like rows of jewels." His hands that had been ſo often reached out to bleſs his children, and to heal the ſick, now are bound; and when they had ſcourged him until one could have counted the bones; or, as David ſays, "they plowed

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his back;" then they brought him out upon the ſteps of the pavement, wearing the crown of thorns and purple robe, crying, "Behold the Man!" And one of the evangeliſts ſays, a perſon met him and ſtruck him on the head with a cane. One of the fathers alſo, who wrote in the primitive church, ſaid, the ſoldiers lifted up the robe which was thrown over his torn back, and, by Pilate's order, ſhewed him to the people; intending thereby to ſtir up pity in them toward him, that, if poſſible, he might be releaſed: but though the ſight could have moved a ſtone almoſt, and melted the hardeſt heart, it had no effect, unleſs to make them more violent and eager to ſee him dead.

But let us behold the Man: on his head he carries the curſe of the ground, thorns and thiſtles; and on his back he has carried our burdens and ſorrows: theſe ſtripes, thoſe many wounds, are for "the healing of the nations;" and he ſtands there expoſed and ſhewed forth, that we may "look to him and be ſaved." Now is he "the faireſt among ten thouſand, and altogether lovely! Now is he glorious in his apparel!" But all his ſcourging, his ſtanding like a criminal at the bar of a man; his blows, bruiſes, threats, ſcoffs, ſhame, pain, or barbarous uſage, do not make him once complain or repine. We do not hear that he ſo much as ſaid, O it is too much! But he ſo loved us, that he bore contentedly all for us; and our eaſe and peace was more to him than his own. He knew we had deſerved all that and more; and therefore, to the aſtoniſhment of the princes and prieſts, and to the ſurpriſe of men and angels, he held his peace. After he had ſuffered all indignity, and pain, and reviling, they ſtripped off from him the purple garment, and, no doubt, ſet his wounds afreſh to bleeding; and

now

now they put his own cloaths on him, and led him out to crucify him. They had preferred a murderer before him, and all together desired Pilate to crucify him. And now "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" Satan plagued his righteous spirit; men had punished, and struck him, and shamed him before Jews and Heathens; and God had now laid upon him the iniquities of us all. Thus, on the solemn feast-day of expiation, it was the custom of the Jews to lead, or rather drag out by the horns, the scape-goat, and bring him into the wilderness, that he might in a shadow carry away the sins of the people into a land uninhabited: so they laid the cross upon Jesus, and dragged him out of the gates of the city, loaded with all our crimes, and the sin of the whole world. What pain must he have borne in his body, when upon his raw and wounded back and shoulders, he was obliged to carry a cross large enough to hang him on: and we may well think how that pressed into his sore flesh, and made it exceeding painful: besides, the crowds of people, who pressed about him, must have often shook the cross, and made him ready to swoon away; and lest this should be the case, or that he should die before they had got their malice fully satisfied upon him, they offered him wine and myrrh, but he would not drink; and now methinks I see him crawl up mount Calvary. This was the place of the execution of criminals, and where many guilty robbers and murderers had launched into eternity. It was the gate of death and hell; and here Jesus intended to open the gate of heaven. The death of the cross was esteemed cursed above all other deaths in the eyes of the Jews; and they no more supposed a hanged one could be saved, any more than a dog; and herein

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they ſhewed their deep ſpleen, in thruſting him, if poſſible, not only out of the world, but into hell. Whence this ſort of death was reckoned accurſed, or called ſo of God, I know not, unleſs becauſe our ruin and ſin began its reign upon a tree; but now Jeſus ends the curſe in himſelf, and willingly is nailed upon the wood, that he may be a curſe for us, and become a Saviour even of ſuch as periſh in that way.

He was ſtripped naked, and his cloaths given among the ſoldiers; and now methinks I ſee them lay the croſs on the ground, and throw him down backward upon it. No lamb ever laid ſo meekly upon the altar as this Lamb of God, when he offered himſelf for us: ſee he ſtretches out his dear hands to receive the nails; and now hark while the executioner drives in the fatal iron! Thoſe hands, that had been lain upon ſo many children and others to bleſs them, now ſtream with blood: this done, then in like manner his ſacred feet, which wanted reſt and were weary with journies and travelling, inſtead of reſt muſt have torture and pain, and be faſtened with nails; and thus ſatan fulfils the ſcripture, and "bruiſes his heel." O come, in ſpirit, and ſee the Lamb! See how he weeps and bleeds, but opens not his mouth! Well may that which was ſaid of Joſeph in the Pſalms be applied to him, "the iron entered into his ſoul;" but this was the way he wrote our names in the book of life. O my ſoul, canſt thou ever think he forgets thee? A woman may forget her ſucking child, and ſlight the fruit of her body which ſhe bare with ſo much pain, but he can never forget thee: he has graven thee upon the palms of his hands. He will never forget to eternity what he felt when his hands were driven through with nails on the croſs, and when his

pangs and labour brought thee to the new-birth. When Solomon deſcribes him in his Song, he ſays, "his hands had rings of Beryl;" ſo it appeared when round the heads of the nails the precious blood guſhed out, and made open the wells of ſalvation.

But now comes on the heavieſt time of ſuffering; they raiſe the croſs upright, and ſhewed him naked and wounded to all! O what ſhouts of joy were heard from all the thouſands of Iſrael, when they ſaw him lifted up! Jews and Gentiles mock together, and ſhake their heads, and clap their hands, and hiſs at him, while his white and ruddy body was raiſed up, like an enſign upon a hill. What muſt he have felt when he hung thus? What a rack was his whole body and ſoul in? For now that ſtorm, which had been ſo long gathering, burſt upon him from on high: now the ſword of the Lord awakened on the man that was his fellow; and he who had kept ſilence with pain and grief hitherto, now roared for the diſquietneſs of his heart. Men vented all their malice and fury upon him; nothing but enemies ſeem to ſurround him; he heard their blaſphemy on every ſide with an aching heart. Satan, and all his unhappy multitude, ſhewed all their rage could prompt them to do, and ſcorned him now with all their power; and now his dear eternal Father, and the whole bleſſed Godhead, ſeemed to leave him, that he might bear the fierceneſs of God's anger, and tread the wine-preſs of his wrath alone. It is true, no human creature can ever gueſs what he felt when he uttered that horrid cry, "Eli, Eli, lama ſabacthani!" It made heaven and earth and hell ſhake, and ſtruck all with an eternal ſurpriſe and wonder: if ever that was literally true, it might well be now, "that in heaven there was ſilence

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about the ſpace of half an hour:" namely, while the battle ſeemed doubtful, when hell and all her powers heaped on him curſe upon curſe, and terror on terror; and the weight of all our ſins and crimes, ſecret and known, bowed down his ſoul; and the Lord ſpared not his only Son, but ſmote him without mercy, for the ſheep that were ſcattered. Satan wiſhed nothing more, than that he ſhould ſoon be tired out with miſery, and call for his angels and retire, and leave the world unredeemed; nor once thought he ſo loved them, that he would wade through hell and death, to pluck them as brands out of the burning: but Jeſus loved us even unto death, and weathered out the dreadful ſtorm; nor once begged for pity or mercy, until in his laſt agony, when he had fully drank up the dregs of the cup of trembling and aſtoniſhment, and made a perfect and complete atonement and amends for our ſin, and endured all our wrath, paid down our full price and ranſom; and then he was juſtified in ſpirit, namely, when God the Holy Ghoſt bare witneſs in his heart the world was now his own, and all things recovered by the blood of his croſs, and the ſin and iniquity ended, and the tranſgreſſion finiſhed, and the everlaſting righteouſneſs brought in," and then came the hour of the joy and gladneſs of his heart: with his arms ſtretched out, like Sampſon, he took hold on the ſin with one hand, and the wrath of God with the other, the two pillars on which all ſtood, and then with his laſt cry he ſaid aloud, "It is finiſhed!" and bowed down his head and gave up the ghoſt; and, in his fall, he threw down all that was againſt us, all our blame, condemnation and curſes, and left it all nailed with his body to the tree. But then the heavenly hoſts, who, no doubt, had looked on amazed and wondering hitherto, broke out in the new ſong, 'Now is come

ſalvation! he has obtained eternal redemption! he has caſt the accuſer of the brethren down! he has bruiſed the ſerpent's head!' "Worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain, to receive bleſſing, and honour, and thankſgiving for ever and ever!"

But let us go back a little, and obſerve how he poured out his ſoul. How three hours he waded, as it were, through the depths of hell, and ſought his ſheep out of the bitterneſs of death. In this condition Jeremiah ſpoke of him when he ſaid, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that paſs by? Behold and ſee! if there be any ſorrow like unto my ſorrow, wherewith the Lord has afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger!" It was then "out of the belly of hell he called unto God his Father;" when "the waves and ſtorms went over his ſoul, and when the deep waters went nigh to ſwallow him up." But amidſt it all he had pity on his poor mother, and him whom he loved, and ſpake comfortable to them: nor did all the blaſphemous upbraidings of the multitude, nor their barbarous and hard-hearted behaviour make him angry, or provoke him to call fire from heaven to deſtroy them, or cauſe hell or tophet to ſwallow them up, but he prayed for them, "My Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." He knew ſatan had blinded them; he conſidered whereof they were made, and remembered they were but duſt; and knew well, when hereafter he ſhould ſave them, and waſh them, and ſhed abroad his love in their hearts, how much they would love him and thank him for his grace; and indeed he knew for ſuch, and for no better, he was enduring his croſs. He could promiſe himſelf nothing more, for all "the travail of his ſoul," than that theſe ſhould be his inheritance, and by his death be ſaved from death eternal; and this was

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the aim of the Deliverer: this was the joy ſet before him, and the mark of his prize. This was never more exemplified in his pardoning the dying thief; for he was crucified between two ſuch: "He was numbered with tranſgreſſors, and made his death with the wicked," who joined to mock and revile him, until he had made interceſſion for the tranſgreſſors, "My Father, forgive them;" and then one relents and prays him, "Lord, remember me when thou comeſt into thy kingdom!" and immediately Jeſus anſwers mercifully, "To-night ſhalt thou be with me in paradiſe." Who can help ſeeing here a miracle of mercy, a monument of free grace? And why did he do this loving act ſo publicly? Why abſolve the dying criminal ſo openly? but that he might let heaven and earth ſee "he is Lord of the living and dead, and can give eternal life to whom he will;" that all mercy is his, and "he can do what he will with his own." Let none be offended with this wonder of grace, but love him the more; and let the worſt hereby hope, thro' this man's mercy, to obtain mercy. No doubt he now ſings upon the mount Sion with the greateſt reverence, and remembers how he was ſaved from the very brink and edge of the bottomleſs pit. He now, who had ſo much forgiven him, loves his Saviour ſo much the more; and he became the firſt-fruit of the death of Jeſus, ſome of the firſt part of his reward, wherewith he is ſatisfied for all his labour and travail. But another thing was remarkable in our Saviour at his death, and that was his thirſt. We are ſure it was not his natural thirſt, of which he ſpake; for, when they offered him water or vinegar mingled, and put it in a ſponge to his lips, he would not drink: he had ſaid before, "I will not drink any more of the fruit of the vine, until I drink

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it new in the kingdom of my Father!" No, he thirſted once to ſee the people ſaved; he longed to have the moment come, "when the kingdom of this world ſhould become his, even the Lord's and his Chriſt's." And therefore, as the happy time drew nigh that all was finiſhed, he bowed down his head, as if he would take a look once more upon his dear-bought world; or, as if he would ſay, Now all is over, ye are mine: come near, and let me kiſs you. And though he died in labour, though he was wearied out with torture, and his tongue parched with crying, his heart failing, and "his bowels dried up like a potſherd, his eyes weary with looking upward, his feet with anguiſh red, like braſs burning in the furnace," and his ſoul juſt fleeting; yet his laſt cry was loud, that it might be heard through all worlds, and go deep into our ears and hearts, that the redemption and ſalvation, and all we could want in time and in eternity, was then and there entirely obtained and accompliſhed; and then his travailing ſoul departed and rejoiced all the ſpirits in Paradiſe, and in all the heavens, who had waited from the death of Abel for the day of redemption.

He was ſcarce dead, but a ſoldier was reſolved to know whether he was a man or no, and thruſt his ſpear into his ſide, and this at once became the ſign of the Son of man, and opened the fountain for ſin and uncleanneſs to all the once loſt, now ranſomed world. All before had been dark for three hours, and the prince of darkneſs ſeemed to have taken poſſeſſion of the whole earth; and beſides, it made the time of the Lord's ſufferings more gloomy and melancholy, and during the whole a horrible dread overwhelmed him; but now all cleared up and went on in former order. From this day the King began his reign, which ſhall have no end; and from hence

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he draws all men after him. Who do not ſit under this Shadow, have no great delight; and who do not know the refuge of this dry Tree, or rather this flouriſhing Apple-tree, he is yet a ſtranger to true reſt and ſafety. This is the Hiding-place in the ſtorm. This is the Enſign to which all the nations muſt flow. This is the only happy ſight for a poor ſinner. Whoever comes to him crucified, or looks to him, ſhall not periſh; he ſhall have everlaſting life. But I muſt leave a little the travail of our Redeemer's ſoul, to ſpeak upon the third part of the text, "he ſhall be ſatisfied."

It is ſaid of Jacob, that though "the ſun burned him by day, and the froſts conſumed him by night;" and though he was twenty years a ſervant, or rather a ſlave to Laban; yet for the love he had to Rachel, who was the chief part of his wages, he counted it but a little while, and thought little of all his ſervitude, i. e. he was ſatisfied. In this ſenſe Jeſus was ſatisfied. Before ever he became a ſervant, and began his ſorrowing and hard life in the world, he knew what ſhould be the wages of his ſervice. The Father had ſhewn him before-hand "of the travail of his ſoul, and he was ſatisfied." God, even his own God, had, as it were, ſaid to him, My Son, thou ſeeſt how ſatan has prevailed over all fleſh, and has ſpoiled thy handy-work; if thou, out of true love, wilt go down and redeem them, "I will make them a willing people, I will draw them to thee. Thou ſhalt have children born to thee, like the dew of the womb of the morning; as numerous as the drops of rain that water the earth, ſo ſhall thy ſeed be:" yea, if thou wilt bear their ſin and curſe, and die in their ſtead, be numbered with tranſgreſſors, and taſte death for every man, and pour out your ſoul to death in their behalf,

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then "will I divide thee a portion with the ſtrong," I will give thee a great company, which no man can number; "the heathen ſhall be thine inheritance, and the utmoſt parts of the earth thy poſſeſſion." A family will I elect and preſerve to thee out of all the families of the earth, who ſhall be ſaved by thee, and be thy praiſe to all generations; and beſides this, thou ſhalt quicken whom thou wilt. All ſhall be thine, the living and the dead; none ſhall find mercy but at thy hands; nor ſhall any ſoul, ready to periſh, aſk mercy in thy name, whom I will ſend empty away: every miſerable and undone creature that believes and truſts in thy death, or flies to thy blood, I will ſave, and thou ſhalt be the Saviour of the world to all eternity; yea, aſk any thing, and I will do it; and Jeſus was well-pleaſed, "he was ſatisfied." He took a view of all the melancholy and dolorous hours he ſhould ſee; he weighed well what a price he muſt pay down for our ranſom; what bitter and affrighted ſufferings he muſt endure; how be mocked and rejected of his own wicked creatures; and how feel an eclipſe of his bleſſed and eternal divinity; but for the love of his poor people, out of pity and compaſſion to their eſtate, and rather than they ſhould be left ruined for ever, he was ſatisfied to be their Saviour, and willingly and chearfully entered the war, put on fleſh, and endured as a righteous ſervant. "The ſun burned him by day, and the froſt conſumed him by night." In body and ſoul, "he was a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief," and endured the days of his ſervitude faithfully, and counted all but a little for the wages he ſhould have for his travail; namely, for the ſouls who ſhould be his reward, world without end. For theſe he did not grudge what he went through; but

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to get theſe, he deſpiſed the ſhame, and laid down his life willingly; and even now one may venture to affirm, if there was a ſoul upon earth that could not poſſibly be ſaved, unleſs he would die again, he would rather a ſecond time leave all his joy and glory, and act the tragic ſcene afreſh over again. But we aſſiſt herein, in ſome meaſure, to ſatisfy our Saviour. He is not ſatisfied, while we are miſerable. He is not well pleaſed, while we are without the happy enjoyment of his righteouſneſs and pardon in our hearts, while we are ſlaves of his enemy, and ſlight his redemption; or, as St. Paul terms it, "trample under foot his blood," he muſt be grieved; but that fulfils his joy, and makes his heart ſatisfied, when we flow to him. When we will not and cannot be happy without him: when a ſoul, once unhappy and reſtleſs, a vaſſal, a bond-ſervant of ſin and the devil, has obtained ſalvation in him, and is delivered from the iron yoke, and ſits down bleſſed and joyful at Jeſu's feet, thanking him with unſpeakable joy for his croſs and ſufferings; then can he be ſaid properly to be ſatisfied, and can ſay to his angels, "Rejoice with me, for I have found that which I had loſt." How far it will go before the Lord's heart ſhall be fully ſatisfied, he only knows; but he will certainly draw yet many millions to him, till his thirſt is quite allayed, and his longing after ſouls is ſatisfied. Let us aſk our hearts in his preſence this queſtion: Is he ſatisfied with me? For all the travail of his ſoul, has he yet won me, and got me to be his happy reward and wages? Or has not all his labour and pains, and all the continual ſtriving of the Holy Ghoſt to win me to him, been yet as it were in vain?

O my dear friends, my brethren, for whom Chriſt travailed and laboured, give him willingly your

hearts. Let him be your Shepherd, and be you his willing ſheep. Let him lead you to his fold, and rejoice his heart over you, and no more for joy remember the grief he endured when he won you to himſelf, and paid your price. Do you want to be his? then plead the ſufferings wherewith he merited you. Put him in mind of the travail of his ſoul, and urge before him his availing pangs and ſorrows. Be in earneſt with him, and ceaſe not your importuning till he has laid his bleeding hands upon you and bleſſed you. Abide his poor needy and dependant ſuppliants at the foot of his croſs, till his Spirit, which made his laſt moments joyful and gladſome, aſſures you he has ſealed you among his jewels, and is ſatisfied with you and in you. Be you alſo ſatisfied in him, and be his joy and he yours in all eternity. Amen.

O Thou bleſſed Lamb of God, who on my account haſt humbled thyſelf, and been here in the world in the form of a ſervant, and haſt laboured day and night, and at laſt poured out thy ſoul to death for me, take me into thy flock, and number me with thy people, the folk who ſhall be the reward of thy ſufferings for ever; look upon me, and remember I am a ſoul for whom thou haſt been ſlain, and for whom all thy ſorrows have been borne. O let thy heart be ſatisfied with me, and rejoice over me as a bridegroom over the bride. Let thy bitter torments and horrors be weighty to me, and teach me rightly to eſteem and value thy ſufferings and death. Let me find all my happineſs in thy wounds and blood as long as I live, and be ſure I am thy beloved and redeemed child, and when I come to depart this life, let thy dying pains and agonies ſweeten my laſt moments to me and comfort me:

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be the God of my life; and let my death be precious in thy ſight. Let nothing hinder me to be thine here and for ever. As long as I am a pilgrim and ſtranger in the world, abide near to me, and let me live to thy praiſe; and when I muſt go hence, O go with me, lead me into the ſtrong city, into the New Jeruſalem, and preſent me for thyſelf before all the angels as one of thy elect ſouls, who has made his garments white in thy blood, and by means of thy meritorious travail and anguiſh, is arrived ſafe, out of much tribulation, to the kingdom of God. Hear me in this one thing, and make me thy ſure poſſeſſion, thy inheritance, and a part of thy wages; and be ſatisfied with me, and make me ſatisfied with thee for evermore. Amen.

An HYMN.

I.

O Deareſt Saviour, whoſe I am,
And whom I ſerve alone,
At thy pierc'd feet I bluſh for ſhame,
And ſit, like Mary, down.

II.

I raiſe my eyes and ſee what ſmart,
What grief I put thee to:
And yet ('tis ſtrange) it heals my heart,
While I thy anguiſh view.

III.

I know my ſins prepar'd the wood,
The nails, and whips, and ſpear,
Which tare and ſlew my Lord and God,
And drew forth every tear.

IV.

I know that ev'ry ſtripe he had,
And ev'ry pang he bore,
And ev'ry grief, 'till he was dead,
Was my deſert, and more.

V.

This makes me at his croſs deſign
To ſit, and ſee, and prize
That loving Lamb, that God of mine,
That wond'rous Sacrifice!

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